But where to morrow? well all is one for that:
Who hath deſcried the number of the foe;
Nor. Six or ſeuen thouſand is their greateſt number.
King. Why, our battalia trebles that account,
Beſides that a Kings name is a tower of ſtrength,
Which they vpon the aduerſe party want:
Vp with my tent there valiant Gentlemen,
Let vs ſuruey the vantage of the field,
Call for ſome men of ſound direction,
Lets want no diſcipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a buſie day, *Exeunt.*

Enter Richmond with the Lords.

Rich. The weary Sunne hath made a golden ſeat,
And by the bright tracke of his fiery Carre,
Giues ſignall of a goodly day to morrow,
Where is Sir *William Brandon*, he ſhall beare my ſtanderd,
The Earle of *Pembrooke* keepe his regiment,
Good Captaine *Blunt*, beare my good night to him,
And by the ſecond houre in the morning,
Deſire the Earle to ſee me in my Tent.
Yet one thing more, good *Blunt* before thou goeſt,
Where is Lord *Stanley* quarterd, doeſt thou know?
Blunt. Vnles I haue miſtaine his colours much,
Which well I am aſſur'd I haue not done.
His regiment lieth halfe a mile at leaſt,
South from the mighty power of the King.
Rich. If without peril it be poſſible,
Good Captaine *Blunt* beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me this moſt needfull ſcrowle.
Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vendrtake it.
Rich. Farewell Good *Blunt*.
Giue me ſome Inke and paper in my tent,
Ile draw the forme and modle of our battell,
Limit each leader to his ſeuerall charge,
And part in iuſt proportion our ſmall ſtrength:
Come let vs conſult vpon to morrowes buſineſſe,
Into our tent, the aire is raw and cold.

Enter King Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesby.

King. What is a clocke!

Cat.

Cat. It is ſix of the clocke full ſupper ti
King. I will not ſup to night, giue me ſ
What is my Beauer eaſier then it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent.
Cat. It is my Leige, and all things are it
King. Good *Norfolke* hie thee to thy c
Vſe carefull watch, chuſe truſtie Centin
Nor. I goe my Lord.
King. Stur with the Larke to morrow g
Nor. I warrant you my Lord.
King. Catesby.
Rat. My Lord.
King. Send out a Purſeuant at armes
To *Stanleys* regiment, bid him bring his
Before Sun-riſing, leaſt his ſonne *George*
Into the blind caue of eternall night,
Fill me a boule of wine, giue me a wate
Saddle white Surrey for the field to mo
Looke that my ſtaues be ſound and no
Rat. My Lord.
King. Saweſt thou the melancholy L.
Rat. *Thomas* the Earle of *Surrey*, and h
Much like Cockſhut time, from troupe
Went through the army chering vp the
King. ſo I am ſatisfied, giue me a bou
I haue not that alacrity of ſpirit,
Nor cleare of mind that I was wont to h
Set it downe, is Inke and paper ready?
Rat. It is my Lord.
King. Bid my guard watch, leaue me,
Ratcliffe about the midſt of night come
And helpe to arme me, leaue me I ſay.

Enter Darby to Richmon

Dar. Fortune and victory ſit one thy
Rich. All comfort that the darke nigh
Be to thy perſon, noble father in lawe,
Tell me how fares our noble mother?
Dar. I by attorney bleſſe thee from th
Who prayes continually for Richmon

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22320) LONDON, 1629 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.52)